# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, WITH NEWS FROM ALL NATIONS.

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### HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

is the only paper published in Wolfe County, and circulates largely in the counties of Wolfe. Morgan, Powell, Menifee, Magoffin. Breath! t. Elliott, Estill, Perry, Pike and Knott, the latter eleven being without a newspaper of any kind. THE HERALD is, harefore.

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A winged seed-So small it seems there scarce is room
To hold the germ of growth and bloom;
So light, 'tis poised upon the air
As though 'twould rest forever there,
The down upon a fairy's wing,
You cloud that zephyrs speed—
There is no frailer, lighter thing
Than seems this winged seed.

THISTLEDOWN.

As lightsome as the loving word That no one but the sufferer heard; As trifling as the kindly smile That cheered a lonely lot awhile; As slight as was the passing sneer That made an old wound bleed;

The taunt that half-provoked a tear— So light, this winged seed. A winged seed— Within this tomb what spirit lies, That soon in life renewed shall rise? Whence came it, floating white and fair Upon the fragrant, golden air? Ob breathe not on the feathery thing,

It's onward course to speed.

Till thou hast thought what stem sh spring, From out this winged seed. innie K. Davis, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

### A GROTESQUE DUEL.

How Colonel Skerrett Proved Himself to Be a Brave Man.

Colonel Skerrett, Major Marsh and them, regarding them with a severe

air. "I come to denounce to you as you have insult my friend, M. le Lieutenant Foulon. He demand ze satisfaction," said Dr. Vicaire, particularly addressing Colonel Skerrett. "You have kick his dog. You write apology, ver goot. You no write apology, you choose ze-ze-ah! vat you call Parme-ze" "Weapons," said Major Marsh, com-

"Apologize for kicking his darned shouted the Colones. "What did it come snapping and barking at my heels for? I would kick Mr. Foo-

long himself if he did that." "Ah!" replied the Doctor, "ver goot! Insult additional;" and he blew his lighted c gar into this bung-hole-" nose like a flourish of trumpets.

Colonel Skerrett was as brave a man as ever stood in boots, but besides his conscientious objections to a duel, the darned sight easier than this ere powcause of quarrel was so ludierous that | der ever will. Do you think that I he only answered with a burst of laugh- would ever put the burning end of a 'I couldn't keep my eyes open, for all

"Ah!" said the Doctor, calmly, but of powder? Great Jerusalem!" reddening. "Insult tree." And he "I have told you again, and took a prodigious pinch of snuff. The three friends looked at each

other. Major Marsh took the word. "My friend will allow me to act for him. We have the choice of weapons?" "Yes. "Then I choose them that nature

provided. Fists?" "Feest!" said the doctor, pondering. "You mean ze-ze-"

Major Marsh explained in pantomime. "Sir!" eried the fiery doctor, "you my friend have ze satisfaction.

make ze game of me! I see you after atoms. There was a dead silence, and "Don't get so hot, now. What do you say to stuffed clubs in a darkened room? It took a long time to make the doctor understand this proposition, but

when he did he rejected it with constantly increasing wrath. Captain P ckering suggested a rough-and-tumble in a pit-kick, scratch, bite, claw and gouge. Major Marsh thought an excellent way of settling the difficulty would be for the two adversaries to go into shallow water and see which could drown the other. Finally, Colonel Skerrett suggested that they should bring a keg of powder on the field; cast lots; and whichever lost should sit upon the keg and apply the cigar he and just been smoking to a hole in the gunpowder and followed it themselves. keg. Dr. Vicaire tore his hair and re-

jected one and all. "Why," said the Major, "it 'pears to me that we haven't got the choice of weapons at all."

"Of ze weapon, yes! But zis is no weapon. Swords, dagger, peestol, gun -zey all weapon. But ze gouge, ze feest, ze clup rempli, or vat you call ze feared the storm of ridicule which a Mrs. Chatterton over there. I suppose stuff clups-eh, monsieur!" and the knowledge of the grotesque duel would I shall have to speak to her. worthy Doctor stamped with rage.

"the last suggest on of Colonel Sker- they would probably retaliate, and in rett is one that has been acted on. in such a case the whipping would be only I do; but if I don't speak to her I'll at least one case in one of the Southern a modified form of the duel a la club States of America. If your friend wants | remoli. n out and out dooel, he will accept the offer of a barrel of powder under the three friends happened to be on them conditions. If he don't he is only one of the large and beautiful steamfoolin' with the matter. People blaze boats carrying excursions down the away at each other here for half an Seine. Colonel Skerrett, like a conhour and shoot nothing but the pigs. sistent Yankee, was in the pilot-house, eh?" When we du a thing in the States we watching the working of the wheel. He du it."

centrated rage. "You coward, you standing. Near them were no less in- Have a cigarette?" poltroon, seclrat! I post you in ze cafe, dividuals than Foulon and Vicarie. Neize hotel. I and my friend whip you ther party addressed the other. The w th ze-ch!-ze whip of ze horse!" and he rushed from the room, swing- a long distance on either side the banks ing his hat frantically in one hand and were straight, and the tide was flowing plucking at h s hair with the other.

laughed heartily. As for the doctor's stampede of passengers in the bow of threat of personal chastisement, Major | the boat was made toward the stern, Marsh alone looked strong enough to and Foulon, who was standing near an horsewhip the National Guard if it opening in the railing, was thrown were called out. For the posting in the from his balance. As he was falling cafes they cared exactly nothing. They overboard the Colonel stretched out his chatted and smoked and were begin- long arm, grasped him by the collar, ning to forget the whole affair.

nounced: "M. le Lieutenant Foulon!" picked it up, and with a friendly smile M. Foulan advanced into the room, handed it to his late adversary. Foulon bowed courteously to the two, and ad- colored up and said eagerly: dressing Colonel Skerrett, said in perfect English:

"I have just seen my friend Vicaire. Possibly he misunderstood. From All the bow of the boat was in a bright what he told me, I understand that you blaze, and the fire reached the pilotmade propositions which no gentleman house. The pilot rushed out with corner. "Old jealousy!" would make. Therefore you are no singed beard and evebrows, and the gentleman. It remains to be seen if boat slowly drifted down the stream. you are a coward as well. I am aware The Colonel caught hold of the pilot we should be were it not for the Sabthat your last proposition is a mode of and dragged him to Foulon. the duello practiced in some parts of "Sir," said he, "ask this here fellow your country. Of that my friend Vi- which bank is the safest to land on. ca're was ignorant. Although the and tell me." practice it irregular, I waive that consideration, and personally accept your Foulon. "But the boat can not be proposal of a keg of powder under the managed. The wheel must be on fire." specified conditions. You will oblige Without a word of reply the Colonel me by nam ng time and place."

will supply the one for mine."

to the open hole in the keg?"

with a sinister smile, "that in any event the services of a doctor or surgeon will be unnecessary." "I am sure of it," said the Colonel, with a grin.

Foulon left the room, and when he fight this here devil, but I aint gwine to a man of honor." let that there fool blow himself to ures accordingly.

The next day, at the appointed time, the five men, all smoking vigorously, Major won.

Foulon turned ghastly pale, but walked firmly to the keg which the Americans had brought and sat down Captain Pickering were sitting in their on it. It was an ordinary eider keg, and for not fight of ze duel," said Viand Major Marsh knocked out the caire. room at the Hotel Anglais, Paris. They bung. All then retired to a safe diswere Americans on their travels, all tance except the Colonel, who remained Colonel. -F. W. Avery, in Chicago Inthree rough-looking down-Easters, who standing by Foulon's side. The latter. | ter-Ocean. had gone through the worst fire of the down whose livid face the sweat was civil war. Dr. Vicaire, surgeon in the rolling, took his eigar from his mouth French army, was standing in front of and advanced it, still glowing, toward the open bung-hole. "Hold on there," said the Colonel,

"that ere cigar is lit." lips quivering in spite of himself. "Well," said the Colonel, with a minds and our tired bodies in contemgrin, "you be n't such a darned fool as to put a lighted cigar into a keg of

powder, be you? When was you born?" "Sir," replied the Lieutenant, vainly endeavoring to hold the cigar motionless in his shaking hand. "I have ing to his assistance. Dr. Vicaire given my word that if I lost the tossup I should put this lit eigar-

"Hold on; you didn't say lit." "Well, the cigar I was smoking." "Put it out then." "Sir, you have run the risk that I ran. I have lost, and I but do as you

would have done. I will put this "Put in the chawed-up end, then." "You insult me again, sir!" "Bless your heart. You fire up a

cigar into the bung-hole of a keg full I could do. Don't you think Mr. Proof-"I have told you again, and I repeat it, that you are no gentleman. But I

shall see me die as one. I keep my Maize. promise. Foulon slowly advanced the burning cigar toward the opening in the keg

beneath. "Go away here, you shall be killed!" shouted Vicaire to the Colonel; but the tim. Vicaire covered his face with his taste. hands, and waited for the awful moment which was to blow his friend to then a slight hiss was heard. Vicaire looked up. Foulon, his face purple with rage, was holding his cigar, after repeatedly poking it into the bung-hole. The Colonel was on a broad grin.

"Is this powder?" asked Foulon. "Tooth powder," answered the Colonel; "cost almighty.

"But," said Foulon, shaking now with rage instead of fear, "if you had lost the toss-up our keg was full of gunpowder. What then? "I'd have put the cigar out before I

put in," said the Colonel. "Ah!" murmured Foulon.

"Or stuck in the chawed-up end Hold on to the terms you. Foulon calmly walked to his carriage. He and Vicaire hoisted in their keg of "Sir!" shouted Foulon to the Colonel, I said you were no gentlemen. I say now you are a coward.'

The Colonel smiled. For three days the friends walked about Paris and saw both Foulon and Vicaire several times. They were not posted in the cafes, for the Frenchmen time to go anywhere. Why, there's bring upon them. Neither were they "Doctor," said the Major, quietly, horsewhipped, for Vicaire argued that

On the fourth day after this "duel" came down afterward and sauntered "Sir!" shrieked Vicaire, with con- back to where his two friends were directly down the middle channel. Sud-Left to themselves, the three friends denly arose a cry of fire. A wild and pulled him in again. The French-But an hour later the writer an- man's hat had fallen off. The Colonel

> "Colonel Skerrett, I beg your pardon. You are a gentleman. In the meantime the panic increased.

"He says the right one," answered \$4,000,000. - Chicago Herald.

"Say to-morrow at five o'clock in the crowd, leaped up the steps of the pilotafternoon. I reckon the little wood of house and se zed the wheel. There he Plessis, on the road to Versailles, is a stood, the flames roaring about him. quiet enough place. I will supply the the crowd shrieking beneath him, keg of powder for your use and you steadily steering toward the right bank. Foulon shuddered at this exhibition of "Very well, sir," said Foulon bow- simple superhuman courage. The bank "I shall be there. The terms to was reached. The crowd, selfish and be rigidly adhered to? To apply the crazed with fear, rushed to land. The eigar which one has just been smoking | Major and the Captain struggled up the burning steps of the pilot-house, "Precisely," answered the Colonel. followed by Foulon and Vicaire. They "I presume," said the L'eutenant, dragged the Colonel out through the flames, bore him to the bank, and applied restoratives. He was less injured length opened h's eves.

"Oh, Colonel Skerrett!" cried Foulon. with tears in his eyes. "your pardon. had gone Colonel Skerrett said: "I'll your pardon! You are a brave man and

"The Colonel," said Captain Pickeratoms." The three friends took meas- ing, "can swim like an otter. He could have crossed the creek a hundred times without stopping.'

"F sts," said Major Marsh, "are no were on the ground. Each party had | weapons, perhaps, Well, pistols are. brought its powder-keg along. The The Colonel can knock the center of a Major and Dr. Vicaire tossed up. The five-cent piece spun in the air at fifty vards." "I w'll never fight a duel again,"

> "And I never call one man ze cow-"Is all the women safe?" asked the

murmured Foulon.

THE SABBATH SERVICE.

A Fancy Sketch Just as Appropriate Elsewhere as in Boston. What a blessed privilege is ours, one "Certainly it is," gasped Foulon, his day in seven, to lay aside our cares and our troubles, and to rest our weary

> plation of the ideal perfectness at which we all of us aim! Here is a congregation just emerging from the sanctuary. "Thank the Lord, we've got out where he can breathe!" exclaims Mrs. Phleshiphatt, who is a lady of bountiful proport ons. "Thank the Lord, we've got out where we can breathe! I really thought I should suffocate. It was insufferably stuffy. Wonder why the sexton thinks last year's atmosphere so much superior to the present season's vintage? If I were a boy, really, I believe I'd break two or three windows.

that poor imprisoned air out and a little fresh air in. "And I was so sleepy!" was the volunteer observation of Mrs. Morfeus: text is getting fearfully dull?"

I'd do something, at any rate, to let

"Awful!" Thus Mrs. Phleshiphatt. "Did you see what a horrid bonnet -I am a man of honor. Bah! You Sarah Somes had on?" asked Mary "A perfect fright, wasn't it?" was

the questionable form in which Jennie

Jones expressed her opinion. "Made over" "I should hope so." "So should I. I should hate to latter remained quietly beside the vic- think any milliner guilty of such

"Mamma," said a little miss, tugging at her mother's dress, "Johnny was pinching me all meeting time."

"Why, Johnny! how could you?" "Well. what's a feller goin' to do, sittin' there doin' nothin' for more'n an hour? Beside, Lil begun it.'

"I didn't." "I say you did. Didn't you pull my

"I only pulled it easy." "My gracious! You call that easy?" "Children!-What an awfully long prayer Mr. Prooftext made. I thought

he would never get through.' "I know it." replied Mrs. Smith, to whom the last remark was made: "he seems to be getting worse and worse. By the way, did you not ce old Gerriton and Liza Periwinkle? "Not ce them! I guess I did!

sweet on each other, ain't they?" "And his wife's only been dead six "Disgraceful, ain't it? When are you coming up to see me?' "Oh, I don't know. much to do, you know, I don't get any

couldn't keep my eyes of 'em. Awfully

"I hope to goodness she won't see me, the hateful thing!" "Guess you think as much of her as

never hear the last of it. Good-by; ccme and see me when you can." "I say, Charley," asked Tom, "who was that girl you were mashing all

church time? "Oh, that was a little creature I met at the dance last winter. She's a daisy, "Not bad. But how'd the game

"As usual. Bostons got goose-egged

come out yesterday afternoon?"

"Well!" exclaimed Clara, "what do you think of the new tenor? I think boat was in the middle of the river. For he's just splendid! What a heavenly mustache! "And what a fool that Miss Spriggins

made of herself! She was gawking at him all the time they were singing. instead of looking at her notes. However, I con't suppose she can sing much | hour he returned. worse than when she does try to follow the music. Wonder what they keep her in the cho r for?" "Sure enough! Or Mr. Basscleft,

either. Why, he's actually getting

bald. And mercy! how he squints!"

"Hullo! There's that Cheever fel-"What, that ninny who's all the time staring at the girls? H'm, I don't want to see him. I'll turn down here; good-

"Guess she needn't worry about his staring at her," soliloquizes Nell, as her dear friend disappears around the And so it goes. Really, what a set of empty-headed, venomous creatures

-No pusson is lazy 'case he doan want money, out beca'se he doan want plowed his way through the shricking ter work .- Arkansan Traveler.

bath service!-Boston Transcript.

A PENNSYLVANIA ROMANCE.

How Mr. Lincoln Relieved the Distresses of a Newly-Married Couple,

In the spring of 1863, a very handsome and attractive young lady from Philadelphia came to my office with a her in obtaining an interview with the President. Some time ago she had a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment. He had been compelled to leave her the day after the wedding to rejoin than might have been supposed, and at his command in the army of the Potomac. After some time he obtained leave of absence, returned to Philadelphia, and started on a brief honeymoon journey with his bride. A movement of the army being imminent, the War Department issued a peremptory order requiring all absent officers to bedience. The bride and groom away on their hurried wedding tour, failed to see the order, and on his return he was met by a notice of his dismissal grace, and his wife hurried to Washto his duty." The President had you say, my child, that Fred was comwedding? Poor fellow, I don't wonder stayed a little longer than he ought to have done we'll have to overlook his fault this time. Take this card to the Secretary of War and he will restore your husband." She went to the War Department, saw the Secretary, who rebuked her for troubling the President and dismissed her somewhat curtly. As it happened, on her way down the War Department stairs, her hopes chilled by the Secretary's abrupt manper, she met the President ascending. He recognized her, and with a pleasant smile said: "Well, my dear, have you; seen the Secretary?" "Yes, Mr. Lincoln," she replied, "and he seemed very angry with me for going to you. Won't you speak to him for me?" "Give yourself no trouble," said he. "I will see that the order is issued."

And in a few days her husband was remanded to his regiment. I am sorry to add that not long after he was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, thus sealing with his blood her pledge that he should be faithful to his duty. - Ex-Assistant Attorney-General

BOSTON VISITORS.

Coffey, in Philadelphia Press.

### Peanuts and Pink Lemonade at the Huo-Rural Sight-Seers. An influx of country visitors to Beston is invariably signalized by the pro-

fusion of paper bags, business circulars and peanut shells that litter the common, the public garden, and the sidewalks generally. The rural sightseer has a pronounced partiality for peanuts. Whenever he may be expected to flock thither the supply of peanuts on hand to meet all possible demands is made startlingly manifest. Carts with heaped-up masses of the edible appear in all directions. What becomes of them at other times is a mystery to the uninitiated. Whence cret that no one has attempted to to prevent its recurrence. solve. They are always sunburned men of bucolic aspect and single-toned raucaus voices and somnolent bearing. Another feature of the rush of rural visitors hitherward is the simultaneous appearance of pink lemonade. Why pink has never been explained: nor has any one curious in such matters taken the trouble to discover the cur ous connection between this lemonade and the frowsy young men without shirt-collars or neckties, and having an abnormal development of the Adam's apple in their throat, who supply the blushing beverage to the thirsty strangers in our midst. The city was prolific last week in these articles and their purveyors. With the departure of the circus both disappeared. It might be reasonably argued that they follow in the train of the circus were it not that they come to the surface again on every public holiday. It is not in this locality alone that peanuts and pink lemonade prevail on these occasions. The custom extends from one end of the country to the other, proving that there must be some subtle and as yet unsolved sympathy between country people bent upon enjoyment and the festal peanut and

tinted lemonade. - Boston Gazette.

What He Found Out. "I say, Jones," called the city editor to a reporter in the next room, "I wish you'd go down to Captain Davis' and find out something about the death of

his brother." "All right, sir," replied the obedient Jones, and started off. In about an "Well," inquired the c. e., "when did he die?"

"Didn't find out." said Jones.

"What was the matter?"

"Didn't find out," repeated the re-"When are they going to bury him?" "Didn't find out," he said again. "Didn't find out? Thunderation,

man, didn't you find anything out,"

exclaimed the agitated city editor. "Yes, sir.' "Well, well, what was it?" "Captain Davis," said the reporter, with a sad, sweet smile, and the c. e. rose up and bumped his head against the wall. - Merchant Traveler.

-Notwithstanding the mystery surrounding the manner of catching the disorder popularly called a "cold," -The capital invested in wild ani medical scientists agree that among mals in this country is estimated at the causes are dirt and impure air. -Philadelphia Record.

> - Dressed beef now comes to the Atlantic seaboard in the best condition from 2,000 m les away. -N. Y. Sun.

A RUSSIAN REVIEW.

How the Armies of the Czar Are Inspect-We rode at least a mile and a half man dodging a butcher bill is twenty-past the line of tents, and must have one.—Detroit Free Press. seen 50,000 men. The ground is pretnote from a friend asking me to assist | tily accidente, and altogether well suited for camp purposes. At the end we came upon the Guard regiments and Chicago Tribune. been married to a young man who was the Preobrajensky Regiment, with whom finished the inspection; and here were assembled all the bands and farthing." "Well," remarked We, "L drums, to the number of 800, in one compact mass facing the Empress's pavilion or tent, at the door of which she and her ladies alighted, and were joined by the Emperor and Grand Dukes. We all dismounted and came inside the square, of which the royalty rejoin their regiments on a certain day, | and staff formed one side, the musion penalty of dismissal in case of diso- | cians the opposite side, the other two | sides being composed of officers of the | doubtedby originated from the use of various corps who had hurried to the the "tist" (100") at the beginning of spot. In the center, on a mound, stood | each paragraph. Therefore you are the conductor of the united bands of correct in your spelling-reform of the from the service. The young fellow music, and near him onedrummer boy, word to "paragrafist." - Current. was completely prostrated by the dis- (or perhaps a lad of twenty). We (the foreign missions) stood in line, and the a shirt with two arms is only one shirt. ington to get him restored. I obtained Emperor came down from the pavilion Philosophers had better give up trying for her an interview with the Presi- and spoke to each of the Generals. He to find out whether the moon is inhabdent. She told her story with simple was very gracious to me, and inquired ited with spooks and clear up some of and pathetic eloquence, and wound up about my service and the commands I the dark mysteries of this life.—Toleda by saying: "Mr. Lincoln, won't you had held. This over, he stood alone in Blade. help us? I promise you, if you will the center, and a detachment of Serrestore him, he will be faithful geants in full marching order passed dog nature. Whenever some other dog him one by one, each Sergeant giving wants the bone it becomes doubly listened to her with evident sympathy the evening report of his picket and of and a half amused smile at her earnest- the usual "watch-setting" in a lose something upon which he has put ness, and as she closed her appeal loud voice, the Czar thus fulfill- slight value, its worth goes skyward he said, with parental kindness: "And ing for the moment the role of camp rapidly.—Cleveland Leader. commandant. We (Generals only) pelled to leave you the day after the were then taken up, one by one, to the Empress, who talked to me about the at his anxiety to get back, and if he Princess of Wales, Cowes, Osborne, etc., and was altogether gracious and charming. Then tea was handed around, and the crowd of officers and of the troops generally kept closing round the square as the hour for "the retreat," or Zaira, drew nigh. Meanwhile heavy clouds had gathered in the horizon, and a storm seemed to threaten us, though the view down the slope and over the valley to Krasnoe, distant about a mile, was not rendered less

beautiful by the combination of waning ! sunlight and threatening clouds. gotten, the even ng hymn. As the last edition?"-N. Y. Sun. impressed by the silence which fol- the head. Your turn will come next. lowed. There was a total absence of | -Texas Siftings. all exaggeration or straining for inclosed as night fell. - Lieutenaot-Gener-

### at Higginson, in Blackwood's Magazine.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

An Undertaker's Belief That People Are Often Buried Alive. "The world would be horrified," said a well-known undertaker the other day, "if it knew the number of bodies that are buried before I fe is extinct. Once in a while one of these cases their venders spring is also another se- comes to light, but no steps are taken

Something that happened to me about twelve years ago has worried me ever since. I was sent for one day to take charge of the body of a man in - street. The man was a tailor, and had fallen over while sitting on his bench sewing. He was a big, fleshy man, about forty years of age, and weighed about 250 pounds. The body was warm and the limbs very limp. I unless he almost stumbles upon it, one did not believe the man was dead, and of them will take his bow and arrows, said so. His friends told me that a or his gun, if he be fortunate enough physician had pronounced him dead. was ordered to put his body on ice at once, but delayed this operation, on one pretext or another, for nearly two days. During this time the body lav | The boy puts a harness on the dog, ties on the bench in the I ttle shop. Finally | the trace around his own waist, or I could delay no longer. The limbs holds it in his hands, and follows his were still as limp as when I first ex- father out into the fog. amined the body. I prepared the Of course, the older Esquimaux has body for burial, and the next day it some idea where the reindeer will be was buried. I do not believe that man | grazing or resting, and he soon finds was dead when the earth was shoveled out which way the wind is blowing in on his coffin. If the same thing over the place where he suspects the were to happen again I would let reindeer to be. Then, with his boy

somebody else do the burying. living up town was supposed to have turbed to some place where the wind died very suddenly. A physician was blowing over the reindeer will come called in. He said she was dead. An toward the hunters. As soon as the old woman who was present thought place is reached, the dog smells the otherwise and insisted upon it that she reindeer, and commences sniffing the was in a trance. The body was buried. ar as if anxious to go toward them. A week later the old woman deter- The boy allows the dog to advance mined to satisfy herself about it, and slowly, still holding on to the harness bribed the grave-diggers to disinter so that it shall not run away. As soon the coffin. The lid was removed, and as the dog scents the deer, it goes a horrible sight was seen. The young directly toward them, and when it is woman had come to life and had made a terrible struggle for liberty. Her hair was torn out and her face was terribly scratched. She had turned being a well-trained hunting dog, how. over on her face.

"A person is generally believed to be deer by the sound. dead if there is no act on of the heart | The hunter now knows from these or pulse. But if such a person is in a excited actions of the dog that the trance there is no act on of the heart reindeer must be close at hand, alor pulse. A vein should be opened, though he can not see them for the fog If blood flows the person is not So he tells his son to hold the dog and dead. This operation would take about remain in that spot while he takes his thirty seconds, but it is not often re- bow or gun and crawls cautiously forsorted to. Suppose the person is suf- ward in the proper direction. Before fering only from a temporary suspen- he has gone far, probably not more sion of animation. Before he can re- than twenty or twenty-five yards away. cover the use of his faculties an under- the huge forms of wo or three reintaker comes in and he is put in an ice- deer loom up through the fog. If he box, where whatever life there may is a good hunter he will at least bring have been in him is frozen out. The one down, and perhaps two or three of Board of Health should take hold of them, and so have something for supth s matter and devise some means of per. When there is snow on the ascertaining beyond all doubt that life ground, the boy will generally take is extinct before the body is buried. I two or three dogs along, and after a have thought of a good many different reindeer is killed, will use them to drag means. A receiving vault could be it into the snow house. As the little built in every cemetery where bodies Esquimaux loves excitement this s could be placed until decomposition good sport, and in this way he soon had begun, when they could be buried." | fearns to hunt quite well -- Lieutenans -- Philadelphia North American.

### PITH AND POINT.

-The ordinary stride of Mand S. is

-A dealer in cheap boots in one of his advertisements says: "Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long .-

-"G. is so very close," was observed by B., "that he will squabble about a have always thought that the less one squabbles about the better."-N. Y.

-Flossie told her mother some news. to which the latter replied: "You don't say so!" "Mamma." said Flossie, "why do you say 'You don't say so' when I've just this minute said it?"-Boston Post.

-Inquirer-Yes; "paragraphist" un-

-Trousers with two legs are a pair;

-Human nature is a good deal like precious; and when a man is about to "How did you come to fall in love with Mattie Cook, Fred. Her face isn't

the prettiest in the world." "I admit

that. Bob, but then she's a lovely char-

acter and such a pretty foot." then it was her foot that led you to adore Mat?"- Yonkers Guzette. -Miss De Vere-Don't you sing, Mr. Lisle? Mr. Lisle (of the Harvard Glee Club)-On, yes, but we are not alone. That ugly old duffer in the corner has been watching us the last hair hour. Miss De Vere-Oh, never mind him;

he's only my father .- Brooklyn Eagle. -Featherly was making an evening call and the revised edition was being Eight o'clock sounds; each field bat- discussed. "In the new Bible that pa tery fires an evening gun, three rock- brought home," said Bobby, joining ets shoot into the air, and the drums the conversation, "sister is four years and bands roll out, with a solemnity younger than she was in the old we and volume of sound not easily for- Is that what is meant by the revised

notes die off, the drummer boy steps | -"I'll tell vou a great secret, but forward, the bandmaster descends, and | you must promise not to give it away. the little drummer, sole occupant of "Of course not." "I believe Miss Birthe square, repeats slowly but with de McGinnis is gone on me. I've alperfect distinctness the Lord's Prayer. most made up my mind to pop the Every head is uncovered and bows, question." "What did she say to you?" from the Emperor to the furthermost "She didn't say anything to me prespectator; and I should from my heart cisely, but at the picnic on Onion Creek, pity the man who, as the little lad's she patted my dog on the head. Isn't "Amen" went up in its solitary sim- that an encouraging sign." "Yes, plicity, could scoff-at or even be un- that's the next thing to patting you on

-He was a poet, and he was talking to creased effect. The bands then burst Miss Ethel in the conservatory, and as forth with the Russian National air, so she toyed with the ice which he had well known to all of us, and the scene just brought her, she inquired: "Mr. R mer, you write a good deal of poetry, don't you?" "Ch. yes, Miss Ethel," he answered, "and it comes so easily to me. Why, do you know, I expect it is more work for you to read my poems that it is for me to write them." "Yes, I expect it is," she answered covly: "and it must be much pleasanter to write them than to read them." And then he looked up at the shrubs that grew around them and said nothing, while she continued to toy with the chilly orange-flavored ice.

## Boston Post.

REINDEER HUNTING. How the Esquimaux Hunt the Reindeer-

Aided By Boys and Dogs. Esquimaux dogs are used in various ways in hunting. When the weather is so foggy that a hunter can not see very far, and there is consequently but little prospect of his killing anything to own one, and giving the best-trained hunting-dog in charge of one of his sons, they start out reindeer-hunting,

and the dog, he goes around in such a "About the same time a young woman | way that the game will not be disever, it never barks so as to frighten the

Frederick Schwatks, in St. Nicholas